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## LOVERS, YOUNG AND OLD.

AT THIS SEASON of the year more than at any other, the thoughts of young men and women are turning toward matrimony. The world is so beautiful with its green trees and its flowers, with its balmy sunshine and gentle breezes, that men and maidens feel the strongest of impulses to enjoy it all together. The time and the age are one. Childhood's spring has passed and the summer of young manhood and womanhood is budding with fair promises of the days to come.

Solomon, who had more matrimonial experiences than any other man in history, said: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord." Those who are permitted to see the fair June bride in all the glory of her wedding gown, with innocent love transforming her features and brightening her surroundings until she seems to wear a halo, will agree with the wise man. Trustingly she commits her hand, her heart and her happiness to the man she has chosen. And he, in his turn, accepts the weightiest of all responsibilities, his every pulse pulsing with determination to keep from the trusting girl at his side all the sorrow and the misery and the affliction that may threaten her.

So the young people begin the journey through life together. This is the time, in the language of Burns, John Anderson my Jo, John, When we were first acquainted, Your looks were like the raven, Your bonny brow was bent.

Hand in hand they start up the hill. Realizing little of the joys that come through close and constant companionship, they are as voyagers on an unknown sea. Nothing but sunshine is around them for they look into each other's eyes. Perhaps a storm is coming, perhaps their bark may float gently on favoring currents through a summer sea. All they know is that they are together. No more mine and thine for them, but ours, "for ours is mine and thine."

But into each life some rain must fall and there's the test of true affection. Time comes when the yoke seems heavy, when the bonds chafe and gall. There are breakers ahead, but if the radiance of love streams in white bands from the light house on the shore, still waters and a snug harbor will be found.

It has been said that the first year of married life is the most difficult. Husband and wife must adjust themselves to new conditions; they must become accustomed to restraints unknown before. It is a trying time, but if they are mated, not merely matched, they will bear and forbear with patience, avoiding the rocks and the shoals and finally reaching the open water with all sail set for a prosperous voyage.

As the chief enjoyment of an outing is the joy of getting home again, so the greatest thing in life is the nest where love lives. The first experiences of marriage are like a picnic in a summer garden, but the summer cannot last forever. In time the fields turn brown; the leaves, touched by the brush of the Master, redden in sunset reflections, then wither and die and fall. Snow covers the earth and December is come. Home, home, home; here is the sweetest word in the English language, and it is the sum, the summit, the excuse for and the recapitulation of married life.

The raven locks of "John Anderson, my Jo, John," are streaked with silver. Time has penciled lines in his sunny brow, and his step is halting. The fair girl who stood with him at the altar these many years past is older now. But she loves as she loved in the old days before the children came, not to divide her affections, but to multiply them. God send that she be as true to him in December as she was in June. God send that she be as proud of him with his limp and his cane as she was when he stood with squared shoulders at her side while all their friends looked on!

Let the cynic bark, let the lonely bachelor growl maledictions from his corner in the club; they know not what they say. God bless all lovers, old and young, June and December; God bless them every one. They are as lamps unto our feet, and as lights unto our paths to guide us ever onward and upward into the perfect day.

## A FIGHT ON IRRIGATION.

REPRESENTATIVE RAY of New York proposes to fight the irrigation bill on the question of its constitutionality. He says he has investigated the matter and that he has found a number of legal decisions to support his view. Yet the irrigation measure is, generally speaking, almost identical in legal form with many other far more objectionable bills which have been passed by this congress without a suggestion of doubt as to their constitutionality being raised. The Herald does not wish to do Mr. Ray an injustice, but it cannot help believing that the New York congressman is merely engaging, or preparing to engage, in some filibustering. Fully and fairly presented, the irrigation bill can hardly fail to meet with favor among congressmen of all shades of political belief. Some easterners and middle westerners have argued that with irrigation the arid west will raise enough farm products to seriously interfere with the agricultural industry in their districts. The proposition is absurd. The United States is today the granary of the world. It ships more food products to other countries than most of the nations combined.

The effect of irrigation would be to

increase the export trade, to bring more money into the west with which to purchase eastern farm machinery and manufactures. There is the business side of the question. Is it not apparent that the west cannot be benefited by irrigation without sharing its profits with the east and other sections of the country? Is the west not entitled to national aid for irrigation as a matter of right?

The west contributes its full share toward the expenses of the government. The citizens out here pay their taxes cheerfully and uncomplainingly. In all the years since the west was settled it has received no recognition. Only within recent months has it asked for recognition and because it asked now, Mr. Ray and some of his colleagues seem inclined to resent the petition as they would recent indifference from a mendicant. It is time these gentlemen understood that the arid and semi-arid states are not appearing in the role of mendicants.

They ask only for what is just and fair. Notwithstanding the fact that they pay their share of taxes they are not demanding the return of those taxes in the form of gifts, as is the eastern practice. What they ask is a loan from the government on first-class security. There is absolutely no chance for the government to lose by the transaction. There is every chance for it to profit. Good business policy demands the passage of the national irrigation bill.

## GOVERNOR TAFT'S MISSION.

SECRETARY ROOT'S instructions to Governor Taft on the eve of his departure from Rome to consult with the pope regarding the lands of the Philippines, show that Taft's mission is a pure matter of business, nothing else. Great tracts of lands have been held by the friars for years under Spanish control of the Philippines and since the American occupancy, the friars have dispensed charity and conducted educational affairs in a manner entirely satisfactory to Spain, but at variance with the best American ideals, which demand an entire separation of church and state.

Governor Taft goes to see the pope, the temporal head of the church, to confer regarding the sale of the friars' lands to the government. On his face the transaction seems to be a perfectly proper one. No question of religion is involved and no affairs of state. The pope is to be seen because he is the recognized authority. He can and will decide the terms of the surrender of the lands. It is right that the friars should be reimbursed for their property. They own it, or their church owns it, by virtue of grants from the government of Spain and it is theirs as absolutely as is the property owned by British subjects residing in Manila.

Governor Taft is given authority to conclude the transaction on whatever terms he may deem proper, subject to review by the legal authorities. The purchase of the lands by this government will make it possible to throw them open to entry and settlement if hostilities in the islands are ever concluded. As the policy of the administration is to hold the Philippines as an imperial colony it is simply being consistent when it proposes to buy the territory owned by the church. The transaction, however, need have no effect on the ultimate independence of the Philippines. Should the time come when the United States grants them a government of their own with an American protectorate, the friars' lands can easily be paid for by the Philippines through direct taxation, customs receipts or in some other way. In any event it is desirable that Governor Taft's mission should prove successful.

## MR. CLEWS HEARD FROM.

THE PUBLIC has been waiting with intense interest to hear the humanitarian view of the cessation of hostilities in South Africa. It has come at last in a letter to The Herald from that well known philanthropist, Mr. Henry Clews of New York, credit merchant. Mr. Clews may always be depended upon to look with pity upon the suffering, to exclaim with horror at the shedding of innocent blood, and to drop tears of sympathy for the widow and the orphan. Hear what he says about the closing of the war:

"A good deal of interest is shown in the probable effect of the cessation of the Boer war on the American market. In the long run it cannot help being beneficial. The first effect, however, may be for British speculation to spend considerable energy upon Kaffir shares, after which it will probably overflow into Americans. The war has been costing England at the rate of about \$400,000,000 a year; and the release of such vast sums from destructive purposes to flow again into the legitimate channels of industry and investment must act as a powerful stimulus that cannot be confined to the London market. British capital is always forced to go beyond its native land, and it is not at all improbable that the liking for American securities may revive, in view of the wonderful records they have been making. The chief obstacle will undoubtedly be foreign prejudice against American financing."

There is the right view of the situation. It isn't worth while to consider the restoration of the ruined Boer homes or to picture the joyful reunions of the burghers and their families. It is true that burdens of anxiety and distress have been lifted from many an English heart and home, but that is of little importance when the influx of British gold into this country is considered. Mr. Clews, by the way, outdoes his own inimitable self in his latest epistle. It deserves to rank with the world's greatest literary efforts.

In closing, The Herald desires to call attention to Mr. Clews' advice to the Wall street stock gamblers. If any of them can tell whether he is going in or coming out they are entitled to all the money in the street. He says: "When the coal strike approaches a settlement we may look for a more active market; and if this is followed by good crop reports and easy money, we may look for better prices." For the present, however, the market is a sale on good rallies and a purchase only on decided breaks.

The house wrangled a long time Friday over a section in the anarchist bill, according to the Associated Press, limits the crime of killing the president to the president in his official

capacity. Does that mean that the president in his official capacity may with impunity kill the president in his private capacity and that no other individual may kill the president either officially or unofficially?

## REV. JOHN T. AXTON.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN T. AXTON The Herald desires to extend the right hand of fellowship. The step from secretary of the Young Men's Christian association to a gospel ordination "is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough to fill the world." At least The Herald hopes it will serve. The Rev. Mr. Axton is entitled to many of the good things of life. If an army chaplaincy is one of them and he wants it then he ought to have it, and so all's said.

For years Mr. Axton has been doing a great work in Salt Lake. Very largely through his efforts the local branch of the Young Men's Christian association has been built up from a struggling society of stragglers to a powerful agency for good. To accomplish this result it has been necessary for Mr. Axton to labor unceasingly, but his heart was in the cause and it is not surprising that all the rest should be added unto him.

Comparatively few Salt Lake people know what the Y. M. C. A. really has done and is doing. It has saved more young men from dissipated careers, it has found more work for the unemployed, more homes for the homeless, more bread for the hungry than many other institutions combined. It is not too much to say that Mr. Axton has been the guiding and executive spirit in all this, although he has received efficient and constant co-operation from hundreds of citizens. There is no cant about Mr. Axton and, by the way, there is no cant about him either, if the play is permissible.

He believes in physically strong as well as spiritually strong young men. His idea is that other attractions besides psalms and prayers are necessary to attract and to hold the youth. When it comes to preaching attractive little sermons the Reverend Mr. Axton will not be found wanting. That he successfully passed a rigid examination before he was admitted to the ministry will cause no surprise to those who are acquainted with him.

His appointment to a chaplaincy seems sure and, while his friends will rejoice at the fulfillment of one of Mr. Axton's ambitions, they will feel that the Young Men's Christian association of Salt Lake has received a blow from which it will be a long time in recovering.

General Leonard Wood drew a salary of \$15,000 a year as governor of Cuba and, considering the high grade of his services, he was dirt cheap at that. Talent in the public service is so rare that it should be encouraged in every way possible.

The love the cattle and sheepmen bear for one another has again been illustrated in eastern Utah. It is a pity these citizens cannot dwell together in unity for both classes are necessary to the prosperity of the state.

A Philadelphia doctor is suing the estate of a patient for \$100,000 for medical attention. He could be arrested for manslaughter if it should turn out that he presented that account prior to the death of the victim.

Isn't it astonishing that a man can go from a big city like Salt Lake into a trifling village like New York and be roped into a crooked far game to the tune of a small fortune? Is city education altogether a failure?

Senator Hanna is vigorously opposing the Nicaragua canal route. As a matter of fact the senator would advocate building that canal on stilts if he thought he could thereby defeat the construction of any canal.

Volcanic eruptions are becoming alarmingly fashionable. Up to date no Utah mountain has taken occasion to blow its head off, but there's no telling how far the epidemic in Central America will spread.

Acting Governor Wright says civil government should be established in all the Philippine islands except two. Well, the administration had better hurry or some more insurrections will break out.

Just now the crops are being ruined by too much water. Within two months they will be destroyed once more by drought.

## ORIGIN OF THE RAGLAN.

(Richmond Dispatch.) An Irishman entered a tailoring shop, to have him an overcoat made; he was shown all the patterns from bottom to top. Thinking more of the price than the grade.

There was parleying there, but at last two men came out.

As to goods and the cost of the make. And, paying deposit, the Celt did proceed to the shop of the merchant to take.

"Hold on," cried the latter, producing his tape. And the rest of his measuring kit; "Come back till I get an idea of your shape."

You, of course, want the garment to fit. Pat stopped at the threshold, then shaking his head.

As one disposed to advice. "Bad cess to the fit! Just make it," he said.

"As big as ye can for the price!"

Plenty of Work For the Club. (Washington Star.)

"What does the society which you have just joined find to do?" asked Mrs. Bizzie's husband.

"A great deal," was the answer. "After we get an organization established the question of membership in your club is possibly at hand."

To Relieve the Monotony. (Washington Star.)

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician.

"But, my dear sir," protested the patient; "I am a traveling man by profession."

"Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and stations."

The Devil's Virtue. (Philadelphia Press.)

Friend—Considering your hatred of old Pinchour I was surprised at your saying anything complimentary in your obituary notice of him.

Editor—Did I say anything complimentary?

Friend—Of course. You said: "No one can deny that he was very industrious."

Editor—Well, so is the devil.

## Mistaken Identity.

Some Complex Cases Which Were Very Annoying.

(New York Times.)

"Questions of identity," said a distinguished judge, "present many difficulties. I am not going to discuss the rules of evidence. They are founded on the dictates of reason and common sense. Nevertheless, cases of mistaken identity give much trouble. I saw John Smith yesterday; some one testified, with an emphasis on yesterday, I use John Smith as a name only, for I bear that name as an actual case. The real name being a person of some importance, where an honest witness swore that he had seen Smith yesterday. Now it was about the time Smith was in London and had not been in the United States for six months. It was a hallucination on the part of the witness, or he had seen some one resembling Smith."

"The personal equation enters into the subject of identification. The fact that a man impresses a conviction on the brain of the artist, I have been assured that Mr. Sergeant, our American painter now in London, can draw in a few minutes a striking likeness of any one who has ever sat for him. I do not think that our caricaturists ever feel the necessity of looking up a model for the political personages they are painting. It is not the face of the man but the lines of the face which are recalled. There is the bearing, the gait, the swing of the man which are recalled. It may be that the artist has a man in actual being. She says: 'I never saw such a striking likeness. It looks precisely like Miss Y, or Mr. Z. Don't you see it?' You may look in vain for the least resemblance. Nevertheless, in cases of identification I am inclined to think that women are more ready to err than men. It is not the theory of this kind, and it is, that men identify women more readily than do women, and inversely that the recognition of women as far as resemblance is concerned is more conservative. It might depend on some sexual instinct. I leave the subject, however, to the physiologist."

"It may be that you know S., the reporter. He has a phenomenal memory for faces and for names. I have been seated alongside him at public meetings and he has told me the name of almost every prominent person in the room. A face and a name never seem obliterated from his brain. Let any one say to him, 'That is Xenophon Cyrus Adams,' and the man's face and name will come back to him. S. can never forget."

"Now, that may be more or less surprising, but he has another faculty, and it is that he locates—may I call it spatial memory. He tells you exactly where he saw him last. For some time I questioned the accuracy of this performance. In summer I live in the Orange country. I am a conservative. I have no predisposition to show off, but at my request he told me the names of all, or almost all, of the people in the car who were coming. 'Is there any one in the car you do not know?' was what I asked."

"Yes," he replied, "I do not know that man's name. He is reading now. I met him on Wednesday evening. He was in a square, carried a dress suit case, and on it were painted the initials L. M. F. The address of the luggage I could not remember. I could not remember the name of the man. Will you try a mild cigar, judge?"

"What is all this riddle game you are trying to play?" I asked. "Do I mean to say that you have seen this man, an utter stranger to you, for your superstitious belief that you can recall him? What car empty?"

"No, it was jammed," was S.'s reply. "I lost sight of him and I do not know where he got out."

"I mind my verifying this," I asked.

"Not in the least," was S.'s reply. "I went to the young man's room. He was reading a newspaper. My question was somewhat apologetic in its manner. 'Will you excuse me,' I said, 'but were you the young gentleman who took a Broadway car on a day last week? Did you get in at Union square? Had you a bag or something with the initials L. M. F. on it?'"

"There was a look of astonishment on the young man's face. He said to me: 'What is that your business?'"

"I should hardly have known how to formulate a reply, I assure you, sir. I said, 'no offense is meant, but you are taking down a friend of mine who says he met you in a car one day last week.'"

"You rattled me at first," replied the young gentleman. "It sounded like detective business. Well, I certainly did take a Broadway car on Wednesday last. I had a dress suit case with me, and the initials on it were L. M. F. But those initials are not mine. I came from a house on Broadway. I have no hesitation in giving you my name."

"It was not necessary that I should have his real name. We exchanged acquaintances to take a seat with us. A somewhat formal presentation to S. took place. The ice was soon broken, and we were at ease. The young gentleman said: 'Mr. S., I shall have to be very careful of my conduct in the future, for if I even misbehaved I should be at your mercy.'"

"I have thought over a really complex case of identity with a Dromedary of characters, only the matter was a serious one. Fact does sometimes overshadow fancy. At the time the incidents occurred I was practicing my profession in a large western city, and it was in the second year of the war. There were two brothers, twins, living in the city. They were about 24 years old. They were as much alike as two peas out of the same pod. They found employment in their father's flouring mill, and I will call them for the purposes of this incident A. and B. Following the whims of twins, the two dressed very much alike. They wore the same clothes, the same hats, the same shoes, the same gloves, the same rings, the same watch chains were precisely alike, on which were suspended identical seals. A was a shade taller than B, while B was a shade heavier than A. So as to even themselves, B wore heels to his shoes somewhat higher than A's, while A had his clothes made a mile more baggy. Anyhow, the two were so alike that you knew them very well, to distinguish one from the other."

"They lived with their father in a house on a somewhat secluded avenue. All that he could then tell was that he had been felled by a robber who wore a mask. In falling, after the blow, he had clutched at his assailant. That, he said, 'accounts for the piece of gold chain with the seal found in my hand.'"

"At once suspicion was directed toward A. and B. A detective took possession of the case. It became known, when I was shadowed, that neither of the brothers

was wearing his gold chain. One of the brothers, it was discovered, had been seen late at night in the neighborhood of the house which had been entered. Very little which was reliable could be gleaned from the old colored man, for the reason that he was still in a dazed condition. Nevertheless, the fact was indisputable that when found lying on the floor he held in his hand the portion of a gold chain such as the twins were in the habit of wearing."

"Asked to produce their chains, A. showed the one he wore; B. did not. The other brother was by no means a likely did exhibit the fragment of the chain, and his watch was still pendant to it. The story he told was that on the night of the robbery he had been assaulted and robbed of a portion of his chain by a man. It could not but be remarked that B. was singularly reticent. On being closely interrogated as to the appearance of his assailant his replies were vague. It was a dark night, so he testified, and it was difficult for me to make out who was my assailant, the attack was so sudden."

"The other brother was by no means a reliable witness. Somehow the impression grew that they knew more than they wanted to tell. The lawyer, who had been at the trial, was retained by the father of the young men, was a close friend of mine, for I had studied in his office. Everything was done on his part to have matters go slowly, and in that he showed his wisdom."

"Some months elapsed. Then the news came that a piece of jewelry, a cameo head, set in pearls, had been found in a pawnbroker's shop in Baltimore. It was known to have belonged to the things taken from the house. The incident ended a week later by the arrest of a man in Richmond. There was no question now as to the identity of the robber. Finally he made a full confession. He was a smart ne'er-do-well, and had been under arrest before for a robbery, though he had escaped conviction."

"Now comes in the curious part of the story. The offender was a second cousin of A. and B. As the culprit stood up before the bar we were struck with the strong resemblance he bore to the twins. Finally A., when pressed, his innocence having been confirmed, testified that he had seen the man, never positive that it had been this man, a relative of his, who had snatched the chain from him. So, to save the family pride, A. had imparted his suspicions to his brother B., but they had both sworn that only in the last emergency would they divulge what they suspected."

"There was another minor incident connected with the case, and it was a porter at the railroad station who said that a man resembling one of the twin brothers had taken the night train going out of town. It was a rather stormy night, the porter testified, but the traveler's coat was blown open he swore he had seen that the man wore a gold chain."

"I have always been of the opinion that the rascal tried his best to pass off for one of the twins, and had with a purpose made a snatch at A's chain, so as to throw the case up."

"The conclusion of this story is somewhat distressing. Very soon afterward A. and B. and their father left the city. The mill had been sold. They all went to California. Think of the change, but the twins no longer dress alike, and leave rings and gold chains of the same pattern entirely alone."

## THE STORY OF "SILVER JACK."

A Poem Which Is Credited to Senator Jones.

(Washington Post.)

Senator Jones of Nevada will retire from public life when his present term in the senate expires on the 4th of March, 1903. He has been in the senate for thirty years, and could remain thirty years longer if his life was spared. He is a man of many talents, and his poetry is no exception. He has written a poem which he has called "Silver Jack." It is a story in rhyme of his own life. It is a story in rhyme of his own life. It is a story in rhyme of his own life.

When Don Cameron was in the senate he and Jones became close personal friends, and their intimacy has never been clouded. When Mr. Cameron recently celebrated "Farmer's day" at Donegal, Mr. Jones was one of the guests. This led to the fact that the poem which Mr. Cameron thinks is the best poem ever written, and which he quotes to every friend, was given to him by Senator Jones. It is the story in rhyme of "Silver Jack," who was working in a mining camp when a man of the name of Robert Waite, "who was kind o' cute and slick and tonguey," undertook to ridicule the old miner. It was the voice of Silver Jack.

There was a hot fight, where Jack slugged Bob and made him confess the error of his ways: "So the old miner ended, and they riz up from the ground. And some one brought a bottle out and kindly passed it round; And we drank to Jack's religion in a quiet, homely, friendly sound."

And the spread of infidelity was checked in camp that day. There is a suspicion that the poem was written by Senator Jones, and he has never denied it.

Used to It (Puck.)

"There goes Hogan, th' dumb rhymer. He's broke up his satire inventory as a violation av th' Rules law, lash! Soon-day, be offerin' t' pay for a drink he got."

"He did?"

"He did."

"He did not th' bartender shooned away."

One Girl's Wisdom. (Chicago News.)

Annette-Emeline says she prefers a man with a past because he is sure to be interesting, but that a man with a bright future is far more interesting. Which do you prefer, dear?

Marcel—My ideal man is the one with a present—and the more expensive it is the more I am interested.

A Spring Joke. (Chicago News.)

"A woman's fears would move anybody," dramatically exclaimed Mrs. Platte.

"Think so?" chuckled Mr. Platte. "Then just start weeping and we won't have the trouble and expense of hiring a van."

He Had Been There. (Chicago News.)

Mrs. Homer Platte says everything I could prevent our son George from marrying that Smith girl, but he seems determined to have his own way.

Homer—Yes, poor boy; he will have this time, but it will doubtless be the last.

Dangerous Variety. (Chicago News.)

Stubb—Why is that man so brutalized? Penn—Oh, he has been up against the fans.

Stubb—Electric fans? Penn—No, baseball fans. He is an umpire.

Time to Quit. (Atlanta Constitution.)

Says a Billville editor: "An attempt was made to lynch the only Chinaman in town recently, and he was so scared that he ran off with our laundry. Brethren, this lynching business must stop!"

Amateur Economy. (Puck.)

Probably nothing is so expensive in the long run as the common or garden variety of economy as practiced by the amateur.

## Special Sale

AT

## Big Boston Store,

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

We'll do it, let the cost be what it may. You may think it impossible for us to sell the Silks mentioned at the prices quoted, nevertheless you will find them on our counters Monday just as represented, and you can buy them as long as the different kinds last. Drop everything and come down early, the chances are 100 to 1 against your ever getting another such a chance, silk at such ridiculously low prices.

Remember it means money—much money to you.

## Silks! Silks! Crockery and Graniteware

At less than half price. If the manufacturers could see them on our counters at the price we name for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, it would SET THEM WILD.

2,000 yards of summer Foulard Silks, in all the choicest coloring, sold by other stores at \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard. You get your choice Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday... 49c

2,000 yards of Liberty Satin Foulards, worth \$1.50 a yard everywhere; our price for Monday... 69c

Best Water Glasses, each... 4c

Fine Imported Cut Glass Water Pitchers... 18c

Best Cups and Saucers, per set... 48c

Best Granite Stew Pans, each 15c, 25c and... 35c

Best Granite Mush Cookers, 75c and... 98c

Best Granite Tea Kettles... 90c

Best Copper bottom Nickel-plated Kettles... 98c

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20 pounds Dry Granulated Sugar... \$1.00

Best Mocha and Java Coffee, worth